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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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“PRAISE THE LORD.”

DAYTON, Ohio, July 2nd, 1882.

Dear Interior: Dayton was the home of my boyhood from 9 to 17. In 1836 my father took charge of the first Presbyterian church, a quaint old structure as I first remember it with a very high pulpit, reached by winding stairs, a clerk's desk beneath it, where the veteran tune railed led us in Old Hundred, Dundee, Antioch and other then fashionable tunes, long, common and short metre. A gallery around three sides of the church, half doubled the seating capacity. It was a favorite resort of the boys who had the privilege of sitting where they liked, for they could, free from observation, defend themselves from a long or dry sermon, by curling up and sleeping it out. One of the Elders sat up stairs to preserve quiet. The dear old church was ready to be taken down before I got large enough to claim a right to sit up there and sleep or read a book instead of listening; which was a very good thing for me, I dare say; and I am glad Mother kept me strictly at her “apron string” in these earlier years, for I went to the devil very rapidly after I got away from parental restraint. At last the old church went the way of all old churches—the congregation, grown wealthy, and ashamed to get behind other congregations, and so a new structure, they considered quite grand, replaced the old one. Twice since then, as Dayton grew, and perhaps pride grew, has the plainer building given way to one more suited to the tastes of the worshippers, until No. 4, though on the same spot, no more resembles No. 1 than Dayton of '82 resembles Dayton of '36. *Tempora Mutantur.*

How well do I remember that trip from Lancaster, in old Garrard, to a city, though cities never seen before. The greenest gosling of 9, was I, Garrard and Rockcastle the boundaries of my world, when all this new life burst upon me. Our route lay through Lexington and Maysville. Judge George Robertson, afterwards Appellate Judge, entertained us at the former place, which at that early day was built, under the hill, everything beyond the rail road track being counted suburban. The Judge's house was on the brow of the hill overlooking the railway. I see my first train now, drawn by a little, puffy, noisy locomotive, that would hardly be called a “dummy” now, creeping over the old fashioned flat rails. 10 or 12 miles an hour, with large hickory split scrub brooms in front of the wheels, sweeping the track and acting as cow-catchers. A wonderful, wondrous sight that train was to me.

At Maysville, we embarked on the steam-packet “Swiftsure”—a fifth-rate steamer of to-day, but a floating palace of beauty and elegance in those earlier times.

From Cincinnati to Dayton, we traveled by canal packet, drawn by three horses hitched tandem fashion. That 60 mile voyage on the “raging canawl!” Can I ever forget it? The greenest feasts three times a day; how delicious the *dolce far niente* of the dreamy day and night it took to make the passage; how grand the thoughtful mien of our Captain with cares of freight and passengers upon him; how full of dignity the steersman as with the lever of the rudder between his legs he looked keenly ahead, and by a skillful turn of the tiller kept us off the bank. And then the cry of “bridge” that set us all to ducking our heads to escape collision, and the wonderful operation of meeting and passing another boat in the narrow channel, by one cable being slackened, allowed to sink and the other boat scraping over it—the passengers cheering and waving hands and handkerchiefs in friendly greeting. At night how romantic to be hung upon a narrow shelf in one of three tiers of them, strung along the length of the boat. Occasionally child or adult would fall out in the night, varying the monotony of undisturbed repose. As I recall all this I can only live it over in imagination say with Joe Gargery “what larks!” The old canal still exists and once a year briskest bring in a shadow of dividends, but the graceful packets with green venetian, carved prow, elegant upholstery and gilding are things of the past. Railways from every quarter of the compass dash in all hours of the day, replacing the three streets of my boyhood that arrived at the dock in a brisk trot, flanks lathered with foam, driver's whip crackling, steersman's tin horn heralding the arrival of the graceful packet that “walked the waters like a thing of life.” Are we any better now than that? Is it really better to go fast than slow? I leave the answer for wiser heads than mine. The Dayton of '36 was a sleepy city of 8,000 with very little future before it, apparently. But the boom came long after I left it, and the Dayton of '82 is the briskest city of 40,000 on the continent. The roar of passing vehicles on the streets from earliest dawn till late at night is almost as

great as its driving neighbor, Cincinnati. A lovely city it is, too. I know none handsomer, for its size. Its streets were laid out with opulence of width, which alone, if decently built up, makes a handsome place. Father was a restless improver of property, and moved very often after he had tacked up all the down fences, thoroughly cleaned up the house and turned the unsightly back premises into a garden of delight, he was off for new conquests. He moved about once a year in consequence. It is a little singular that three of the houses we lived in 45 years ago are standing to-day, looking as natural as if not touched since then. But most of the old landmarks have perished in the march of progress.

The commons where we boys used to hunt sparrow, plover and blackbirds, are now solidly built up. The big pond where we delighted to skate in Winter and fish in Summer, filled up and built over. Market gardens across the beautiful Miami river, turned into an extension of the city. Forests where we hunted squirrels utterly vanished and block after block of houses instead. One bridge of the three of those days, remains intact—timbers perfect, and promises to stand 100 years. But several elegant iron railing and carriage bridges have been added as the city's growth required. As I rode over the wooden bridge of my youth, yesterday, I marked the very spot where in an attempt to evade the payment of toll which none of us had, by climbing up to the top, creeping along the rafters, watching the movement when the toll taker went into the house and then a run for it, one of our number, dear dead friend of my boyhood now, fell to top to bottom, and broke an arm. I heard his sharp scream of pain, as if it had been the day before. That was a terrible day of guiltily creeping home after the doctor came and poor Jim was taken into the toll house to have his arm set. You must allow this garrulity of reminiscence for awhile, in my letters. I hope it will not bore my friends to read it. If I had more to write about the meeting there would of course be less of this.

“Patience is having her perfect work” just now. We expect faith to be tried in this first step “around the world.” I think we have fully counted the cost and shall not easily be disengaged. The experience of every place differs from that of other place as I have often remarked. The novelty here is that we have the finest place to hold a meeting in we have ever had, but a most beggarly array of empty benches. The afternoon cheering rays far out to sea, save where the piece of tin threw a dark shadow, widening as it fell upon the distant waters, till it covered many a mile. Vessels passing that way, during the night saw no light where one ought to have been and some were wrecked upon the rocks and precious lives were lost because, while the lamp was burning brightly, it did not shine where it should. So a single fault, or a vicious habit, or an uncontrollable temper, often hinders some of the Christian's light, and souls are lost because they abide in the shadow, and they are not led to the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world:

“Oh, light divine, so full, so free!
Oh, world that lies in night!
Oh, guiding radiance, shine through me
Brightly and still more bright,
Never let thy rays in vain
Because I am a darkened pane.”

The marriage of Miss Annie Louise Cary to Mr. Raymond, a retired New York banker, was in thorough good taste. It was a very quiet affair. No witnesses were present except the immediate relatives. After the ceremony the newly-married couple drove into the country for a quiet lunch, and afterwards returned to the house, where they will remain a few days before going to New York. It would have been an easy matter, with their means, to have made the wedding a loud affair; multitudes would have been glad of an invitation and to have laid their tributes, costly and valuable, at the bride's feet. But there were no wedding presents, no long array of invited guests, no show or parade, and no description of the ladies and what they wore on the occasion. Miss Cary was always a sensible girl, and she made it manifest in the great event of her life.

Meanwhile, pray for us, dear friends, that “utterance may be given”—and that we may “open our mouths boldly” and preach and sing the gospel as it ought to be preached and sung. Then all will come right. All well and full of holy joy and courage. PRAISE THE LORD. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

BROTHER GARDNER'S GOLDEN RULES.—Honor your fader and your mudder, but doan de ole man any money unless you have good security. Come down liberally to erect churches; but if you have any brick to sell ask de contractor full price. Be yer dooty by Orphan Asylums, but doan' board any orphans for less than \$3 a week. Love yer narbut as thyself, but see dat he returns yer shovel, and spade an' rake in good order or pay de retail price. Be honest, but doan' let a grocer imagine dat you buy a quack box of strawberries expectin' to git ober a pint an' a half. Obey be law, but doan' clean out yer alley unless yer narbut does. Be seen often at church, but doan' argy dat de preacher knows de aige of the world an' deares of heaben any better dan lots of older folks. Support de cause of eddecausun, an' yit remember dat some of our biggest fools am people who have bin stufted full of it.—[Scientific American.]

The following clause was found in the will of a Yorkshire rector: “Seeing that my daughter Anne has not availed herself to my advice touching the obnoxious practice of going with her arms bare up to the elbows, my will is that, should she continue after my death in this violation of the modesty of her sex, all the goods, chattels, money, lands, and all other things that I have devised to her for the maintenance of her future life shall pass to the eldest son of sister Caroline. Should any one take exception to this as being too severe, I answer that license in the dress of a woman is a mark of depraved mind.”

A Washington woman, when her pet pug dog died recently, had the little darling buried in her family lot in the cemetery. We feel sorry for the dog, because the rest of the family is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of everything, and at all ceremonials he takes the precedence.

[New Haven Register.]

A Pathetic Incident. Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother: In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear the suffering alone.

Unknown to him, however, was his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning. One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said:

“That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is my mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother?”

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying:

“I have faced death too often to fear it now.”

Importance of Little Things. Many years ago the keeper of a light-house off the coast of Florida, accidentally broke a pane of glass while lighting his lamp for the night. It was too late for him to repair it, and as the wind was blowing strongly he fitted a strip of tin into the sash to prevent the lights from being extinguished. The lamps sent their cheering rays far out to sea, save where the piece of tin threw a dark shadow, widening as it fell upon the distant waters, till it covered many a mile. Vessels passing that way, during the night saw no light where one ought to have been and some were wrecked upon the rocks and precious lives were lost because, while the lamp was burning brightly, it did not shine where it should. So a single fault, or a vicious habit, or an uncontrollable temper, often hinders some of the Christians' light, and souls are lost because they abide in the shadow, and they are not led to the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world:

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BROTHER GARDNER'S GOLDEN

RULES.—Honor your fader and your

mudder, but doan de ole man any

money unless you have good se-

curity. Come down liberally to

erect churches; but if you have

any brick to sell ask de contrac-

tor full price. Be yer dooty by

Orphan Asylums, but doan'

board any orphans for less than

\$3 a week. Love yer narbut as

thyself, but see dat he returns yer

shovel, and spade an' rake in good

order or pay de retail price. Be

honest, but doan' let a grocer im-

agine dat you buy a quack box of

strawberries expectin' to git ober a

pint an' a half. Obey be law, but

doan' clean out yer alley unless

yer narbut does. Be seen often at

church, but doan'

board any of the ruder folks. Sup-

port de cause of eddecausun, an' yit

remember dat some of our biggest

fools am people who have bin stufted full of it.—[Scientific American.]

More Bad Hanging.

As even Guiteau died by strangulation and without a broken neck it begins to look as if execution by hanging had no certainty in it whatever. In a case like this it is reasonable to suppose that every precaution was taken which experience could suggest, yet the vertebral condition at the autopsy, and the usual scene of torture only failed, we believe, because the strangulation was more than commonly effective, through the rupture of muscles that often protect the respiratory passages. Guiteau was alive 14 minutes after he fell, yet he was plunged downward through a trap in accordance with the most approved theories. His body was not heavy enough to snap the ligaments that hold the vertebral bones in position. But the worst of all recent cases of hanging is one reported from the West, in which also the culprit was plunged through a trap, but was so little injured by the accident that he was able to get his hands and feet free and struggle to regain his footing on the scaffold. He was beaten back by the executioner. Such a battle between a hangman and his slightly hanged victim presents a picture that one might suppose would excite the people to reform our method of administering capital punishment.

Why 1900 is not a Leap Year.

The year 1900, although it is divisible by four without a remainder, is not a leap year, and it comes about in this way. “Under the Julian period” the solar year was considered to consist of 365 days and a quarter of a day, but as the actual or civil year could not be made to include a quarter of a day, an additional day was inserted in the calendar every fourth year to make up for the four lost quarters, and this is the 29th of February. But the Julian method of intercalation made the year too long by eleven minutes and ten and one-third seconds. This puts the calendar ahead of solar time one day in 129 years; to balance this in the adjustment of the calendar known as the “Gregorian,” after Pope Gregory XIII was universally adopted in the Christian countries except Russia, one of the leap years is dropped at the close of every century, except when the figures of the centurial year, leaving out the two ciphers at the end, can be divided by four without a remainder. Thus, 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be, but 1800 and 1900 are not.

To-day is the Fourth of July. It is curious how many errors have crept into the public mind, and found their way even into the public prints, touching the origin, history and antecedents of this day. It is not, as so many erroneously suppose, the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Washington. Nor was it the day as an English newspaper recently stated, on which Abraham Lincoln signed the Declaration of Independence at Fanueil Hall; though there is reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln held it in high esteem. How few people know it was the day on which Lord Cornwallis surrendered Vicksburg, Va., to the united forces of Gen. Grant and Stonewall Jackson? Such is history. Now you see it, and now you do not see it. After a time the very memory that the Stamp Act was repealed, and the Proclamation of Emancipation issued, on the Fourth of July, will have ceased to be!—[Courier-Journal.]

A Michigan farmer was awakened about midnight by a loud knocking. He got up and opened the door, when two strangers said they had bought a hog in the next town and were taking it to market, but it had got untied and jumped out of their wagon, and they would take it as a great kindness if Mr. Young would help to catch it. Mr. Young dressed, called up the hired man and went and helped those strangers catch, tie and load that pig into their wagon. Next morning he found the door of his pig-pen broken off and his own pet pig gone, and it gradually permeated his being like a grease spot spreading over a rag carpet, that it was his own hog which he had helped those seductive strangers to get away with.

President Arthur was the recipient yesterday of a brass medal, struck in honor of the devotion of himself and 305 others to a cause whose defeat made him what he is. The medal is about three inches in diameter, weighs six ounces, is ornamented with a head of U. S. Grant and the name of “Chester A. Arthur,” and is encircled with the record of the thirty-six ballots taken in the Republican National Convention of 1880. In accepting the gift from the hands of ex-Senator Conkling, who came to Washington to present it, Mr. Arthur simply referred to the brazen beauty of the design.—[Washington Post.]

Mrs. Frank Leslie has been quite ill because of close attention to her extensive business as publisher, but is now better. It is a curious feature in Mrs. Leslie's history that she owes her present distinction to the death of two husbands. When the first, the late E. G. Squier, died, she was led by necessity to write for the papers which he formerly edited, and by the death of the latter she became their sole proprietor. She lives in handsome style on Fifth avenue, New York.—[Boston Traveller.]

A Washington woman, when her pet pug dog died recently, had the little darling buried in her family lot in the cemetery. We feel sorry for the dog, because the rest of the family is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of everything, and at all ceremonials he takes the precedence.

[New Haven Register.]

An Extraordinary Engineering Feat.

The Washington Monument is too near to be ever regarded by Washington people as anything out of the ordinary run of things. Few people here ever stop to think what afeat of engineering has been undertaken in the construction of this monument. “There is no where in the world such mechanical appliances as we have in the monument,” said Col. Casey. “The last course of stone weighed 160 tons. Now this 160 tons was raised vertically a distance of 245 feet, and the course was laid in 15 hours. In other words, two feet of the monument were built in that time. You haven't any idea of the amount of stone and the amount of work required to build the monument. The stone we have laid since the work was resumed, if taken down and spread out, would cover the entire monument lot. At a distance the monument looks small; the yards around the derricks on top look like broom splints; but when one gets near them and sees how large they are, how wide the structure is, he gets some notion of the work.”—[Washington Star.]

Governor Murray's Escape From A Mormon Scandal.

It is not always all glory and fun to be Governor of a territory. Governor Murray, of Utah, had a little trouble lately, but he came out of it all right. It seems that a woman who had

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, — July 7, 1882

W. P. WALTON, — EDITOR

DEMOCRATIC STATE AND COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE—Maj. A. E. RICHARDS.

FOR APPELLATE CLERK—Capt. T. J. HENRY.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE—E. W. BROWN.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY—D. R. CARPENTER.

FOR COUNTY CLERK—JOHN BLAIN.

FOR ASSESSOR—J. H. HOCKER.

FOR JAILER—T. D. NEWLAND.

FOR CORONER—W. J. DAUGHERTY.

FOR CONSTABLE (STANFORD PRECINCT)—TOLBERT MARTIN.

SUPERIOR COURT CONVENTION.

Maj. A. E. Richards Nominated.

Promptly at noon yesterday all the delegates that had arrived were in their seats in James Hall, Danville, and the Convention to nominate a democratic candidate for Superior Judge seemed about to proceed to the short work before it. But as usual for special trains, the one from Louisville was an hour or two late and as the delegates from that city were aboard of it, Mr. L. H. Baldwin, Chairman of the District Committee announced that the Convention would wait until 2 o'clock before beginning work. At that hour the Louisville delegation having arrived and the other delegates having partaken of a good dinner, Col. T. H. Shirley, Chairman of the State Central Committee called the Convention to order and asked for nominations for temporary Chairman. Judge J. W. Gillespie, of Woodford, was chosen and after a sensible little speech, suggested the election of a Secretary. Hon. E. Polk Johnson, of Jefferson and W. T. Tevis, of Madison and the members of the democratic press were selected, and on motion the following committees were appointed by the Chairman:

On permanent organization and resolutions: W. P. D. Bush, Ch'm., D. H. French, M. C. Saufley, W. H. Crow, C. S. Tandy, Mack Shreve, W. F. Perk, R. H. Tomlinson and T. J. Oatts.

On Credentials—C. R. Long, Ch'm. John W. Whipp, R. G. Trimble, W. P. Thorn, M. J. Durham, J. R. Hindman, Catlett Thompson, W. F. Froman and W. E. Railey.

Judge Saufley moved that H. C. Kaufman, of Garrard, be added to the Committee on Credentials, but it was voted down. After the committee had retired, loud calls were made for Capt. T. J. Henry, candidate for Appellate Clerk, and on motion he was requested to address the Convention, which he did in one of the happiest little speeches we have heard in many a day. He was applauded to the echo, and at its conclusion, Junius Rochester, of Louisville, after a few spirited prefatory remarks, offered a resolution, endorsing the action of the State Central Committee in refusing to declare Capt. Henry's candidacy off, and pledging him a solid support. Judge R. J. Breckinridge opposed the resolution, because it was overstepping the authority of the delegates who had been sent there for a certain purpose. J. S. Bronston supported the resolution, and was followed by Col. S. M. Burdette, also in its support. The Judge replied rather warmly, and again Mr. Bronston got up to speak, but the boys seemed to have heard enough of Joe on the subject, and he was laughed at, howled at, and hollered at for fully a quarter of an hour, but he held his stand in the chair with a heroism worthy of a better cause, his pleasant smile ever and anon changing to a pretty grin. Finally some fellow moved that Mr. B. have his speech printed, so that every body could read it, which was carried with an uproar. But Bronston still kept his stand, gesticulating and speaking whenever there was the least lull in the noise. Somebody else moved that the band be sent for, and the Chairman appointed Booker Reid and Bronston to go for it, and then was Joseph unconsciously gotten rid of for a season. He made a fine exhibition of himself, but he acted so good naturally that a change of feeling was finally gotten up and he was given the privilege of the floor, when he declined to deliver.

At this point, 3:15, the P. O. Committee arrived and reported Hon. Wm. Johnson, of Nelson, for President, and J. W. Alcorn, W. P. Thorn, S. P. Toney, J. R. Hindman and J. T. Bohon, Vice Presidents and the temporary Secretaries for permanent duty, which report was adopted. Judge Saufley reported a resolution endorsing Capt. Henry and for the second time the meeting gave a hearty endorsement to the gallant Captain. On assuming the Chair, Mr. Johnson expressed a few well timed thoughts and then until the other committee reported, the crowd amused itself by calling on various candidates for speeches. A motion was made to have Col. Thos. L. Jones address the

meeting and there was a decided "No" until the name of Judge Owlesley was added when it was carried with a whoop. Both gentlemen were led forward but Judge Owlesley very pleasantly said he had no speech to make except to thank them for the demonstration in his behalf and retired. Col. Jones did have one to make and was longing to make it, and had just settled himself down to an hour's work when the Committee on Credentials at 4 P. M. were announced and he had to desist.

This committee reported that the only contested delegations were from Marion and that they had decided in favor of the delegates that had been named by the Convention called to order by the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee. Judge Durham read a resolution asking that the next State Convention require that each ward in Louisville shall hold meetings instead of having a mass meeting for the city and county as in the present instance. Judge Saufley wished to know how the delegates of Louisville had been chosen, and if by mass meeting according to the call, then the vote should be so cast and not by wards as the committee had reported. Mr. Junius Rochester endeavored to explain but Judge Saufley contended that the proceedings of the Louisville meeting were irregular and therefore void. This brought several Louisville gentlemen to their feet and for a time the looked for break was about to arrive but a question of order cut short the debate and Judge Durham's resolution was referred to the committee on resolutions. The report of the Credential Committee was then adopted.

Nominations being now in order, Hon. Fra Julian, of Frankfort, arose and in an eloquent and beautifully worded speech named Maj. A. E. Richards, which was ably seconded by Hon. B. W. Duke, of Louisville.

Judge M. C. Saufley, of Lincoln, in his accustomed brilliant style nominated Hon. B. M. Burdett, Mr. H. C. Kaufman seconding it, in a highly creditable and happy speech. Judge Duval was not nominated and there being no other aspirants, the balloting began.

The call of counties was gone thro' with but before the result was ascertained by addition, Col. Sam M. Burdett asked to withdraw the name of Mr. Burdett and moved that Maj. Richards' nomination be made unanimous, pledging at the same time the hearty support of his late opponents. Mr. Kaufman seconded the motion and Maj. Richards was declared the unanimous choice of the democracy for Superior Court Judge of this district. The Chair appointed Mr. R. C. Warren, Asher Caruth and S. M. Burdett to inform Maj. Richards of his nomination and while these gentlemen were hunting for him we quietly withdrew and at 5 P. M. hurried back to Stanford.

NOTES.

It was a noisy but harmonious meeting.

Duvall's strength seemed to go to Richards. His vote ran up to 155.

Every county was represented either by delegates or proxy, except Whitley and Jackson.

The Danville people had Eichhorn's splendid band to enliven the occasion, and a jollification was on the program for last night.

Judge Owlesley evidently had the crowd yesterday, and he would have been nominated for Governor right then and there if the Convention had had the power.

What was the matter with Joe? If he was under the impression that where there is no fool there is no fun, and was good naturally acting that part, why we forgive him.

Col. Jones was on hand, but after the Convention so noisily refused to entertain a motion to have him speak, he seemed to wish he wasn't. Subsequently, however, by including Mike Owlesley in the motion, he was invited to speak.

That prince of good fellows and most genial of gentlemen, Hon. E. Polk Johnson was one of the pleasant "features" of the Convention. Polk is a candidate for Lt. Governor, and if there is any thing in the eternal fitness of things, he is going to get it.

Besides the members of the local press, the newspapers were represented by Mess. J. W. Hopper, of the Lebanon Standard, E. Polk Johnson, Courier-Journal, A. Anderson, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and B. J. Newlon, of the Midway Clipper. It was our first meeting with the latter gentleman, and it was a pleasure long wished for. He is an old Virginian of the truest type.

A MANDON (Col.) man while holding his wife in his lap was struck by lightning, killing him instantly and paralyzing the woman. This is a terrible warning to men not to be so familiar with their wives, but on all occasions to maintain a respectable distance.

CAPT. TOM HENRY has at last shown his fat, good natured face in this country, and all who met him are happy. He was in town four or five hours Tuesday, and got acquainted with a large number of persons, all of whom were taken with his genial open hearted manner. He frankly acknowledged to those who talked with him about it that he had sinned grievously and had acted in a manner unbecoming a nominee of the party, adding, "I am only human after all, but with God's help, I shall never again give any of my party cause to regret having selected me for their standard bearer." Our readers will bear us out in the assertion that we have neither announced that we would not vote for Capt. Henry nor counseled others not to do so. We were considerably alarmed after his Louisville escapade, and while we never had an idea that he would be defeated, we feared that the democratic majority would be so much reduced as to seriously affect future races. There has been a considerable change in the public pulse within the last month or two, since the people have seen their candidate and observed the commendable manner in which he is conducting the canvas, and we are glad to know that Capt. Henry daily grows in grace. A number of democrats here who had sworn that they would not vote at all in the race for Appellate Clerk, since hearing Jacob's pointless speech and shaking the honest hand of Capt. Henry, now say, "He'll do," "I'll take him." "Hedon't appear half as bad as he has been pictured, &c., &c." Capt. Henry tells us that he is counting on at least 50,000 majority and we sincerely hope if he continues faithful that he will get it.

We give elsewhere the card of Gov. J. B. McCleary withdrawing from the race for Congress. He does so for the sake of harmony, knowing that a close race between democrats for the nomination might engender feelings of bitterness, that the republicans would not be slow in taking advantage of. Gov. McCleary is a true man and a patriot and his self-sacrifice in this instance must eventually be rewarded and that right handsomely.

The Senate spent some time yesterday in discussing the question of the admission of Dakota. The fact that one county had repudiated some of its debts has proved a troublesome question for the friends of tomorrow.

Holders of Virginia State bonds have petitioned President Arthur, drawing his attention to the facts attending the repudiation of the State obligations, and praying the assistance of the Federal Government to enable bondholders to vindicate their claims to be reimbursed for advances.

Sixteen Irish members of Parliament were suspended during the session Friday night for deliberately planning obstructions to the business of the House.

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As I walk about town, dreamily gazing at the mighty changes of 45 years, I get a strong feeling of the rapid improvements, with the old time houses of my boyhood, and forcing memory and imagination to lift a burden greater than they can bear. At times it is very wearisome.

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So shock as it was at first, I am willing to believe for the rest of my life, that the Miami river, which is about 15 miles long, the canal which less than 50 yards wide, the houses where we lived, not commodious, but just what they are, cramped and inconvenient tenements suited to the limited means of a poor preacher. How fearfully earth will foreshorten when we look at it from Empyrean heights. And yet it looks so grand just now, when we know it so little! O, for eyes anointed with the heavenly "eye salve," that we may see right.

Good bye, again. Thank you dear Walton for making me an advocate of cremation in your last religious column. Et le Brute Which may be freely translated what a brute you are! No! I am not to be deceived in my Franklin nights, but buried there like a christened gentleman, if the dear LORD tarries, so that I go thro' the gates of death to meet Him. What funny things types are, I doubt not this cremation lie of slippery types, will "girdle the earth, before the sleeping truth can turn out of bed and put its boots on!" Well, start the lazy jade in this issue, any how. As I owe no apology to "Miss Mary," I make none. How strange that all these terrible, horrible things taken down from his very lips should have had the effect of soundly converting Georgetown, instead of alienating true hearts. But so they did. And my poor brother begins too late. I pity and pray for him.

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The chief attraction about Dayton is the magnificent charity called the "Soldier's Home"—where 4,000 veteran Union soldiers, either disabled or poverty stricken, find a quiet resting place, and do away life, fed, clothed and tenderly cared for. It is a city in a lovely park. The grounds cover just a mile square—or 640 acres, and are laid off with all the skill of the landscape gardener, and kept up by a lavish outlay of funds. It is a government pet, and justly so, and the greatest attraction to strangers about this attractive city, as well as a favorite drive of the citizens themselves. The grounds slope beautifully in every direction from the centre, where the chapel and "Memorial Hall" are erected—the latter used for exhibitions, theatrical or otherwise. The Hospital is a noble structure, perfectly kept, and a marvel of cleanliness and comfort. It is built of brick. The Chapel—an elegant stone edifice—was erected by government—the only church it owns in America. It is covered exquisitely with creepers carefully trained to give the best effect. The dining hall where 1,000 men eat in one room is a wonderful sight, and the bread and meat rooms are simply indescribable. Every thing carried on with military drill and accuracy. Camp hours and camp regulations strictly observed without the odious drill that would turn a paradise into pandemonium. No need for that with these old heroes. Their fighting days are done. A splendid park of artillery—guns brass—adorns one of the lovely lawns. An elegant music stand stands another, three grand lakes, covering many acres and full of fish, with row boats in plenty, and so connected that you can go from one to another, form a very attractive feature. Here rides at anchor the full rigged barque, Garfield, built to figure in the inauguration ceremonies, but found to be too unwieldy. Afterwards it was given to this Soldier's Home, and floats, "a thing of beauty in the upper lake of the three. It is about 80 feet long and a perfect model, fit every rope and block in place. A magnificent green house, grottoes of rarest beauty, flower beds of great extent, exquisitely arranged and kept; pools with brilliant gold fish; another with four alligators in it; restaurants are refreshments of all kinds can be obtained at reasonable rates. Noble shade trees in great abundance and artistically grouped; with a good start at a fine Zoological collection—these and other attractions that I have not time to mention, go to make the Soldiers' Home one of the most delightful retreats in the country. A large Hotel, near the centre of the enclosure is open or visitors who can there obtain board by the day, week or month, at fair charges. The view from the Central entrance over the glorious farming lands made the Miami Valley a lovely city of Dayton, four miles away, is indescribably beautiful; and now, though I have almost exhausted my stock of adjectives, the half is not told, as one who has been there can affirm.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - July 7, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North 9:10 A. M.
" South 2:15 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.
MILLET Seed \$2.25 per bushel at A. Owsley's.

ELEVEN POUNDS Sugar for \$1 at McAlister & Bright's.

SALT, Lime and Cement constantly on hand at A. Owsley's.

PLenty of country sides and hams at McAlister & Bright's.

NEW stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.

LOVERS of Good Tea will find the best in the city at Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

PURE Almond Fruit Vinegar, best in the world, for sale only by McAlister & Bright.

You will find the best 5-cent and 25-cent cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS are receiving and opening a nice new lot of Zeigler Shoes—

PERSONAL.

MRS. G. G. WINE has gone to Cloverport.

MR. W. M. BRIGHT has the malarial fever.

MR. W. H. HIGGINS is down with symptoms of fever.

MISS LYDIA LEWIS left yesterday to visit relatives in Glasgow.

MISS LIZZIE DRYE and JES COO are visiting Miss Lucy Bailey.

MISS ALLIE DUNN, of Richmond, is the guest of Mrs. Hobt. McAlister.

MISS ANNA HALL FRIZZELL, of Nashville, is visiting Miss Mary Owsley.

MISS SALLIE PENNY leaves this evening to visit her friend, Miss Jennie Broadus, at Richmond.

MRS. KATE PHILLIPS and EMERY, of Madison, are visiting Miss Lula McKinney, at Mr. Richard Cobb's.

DR. J. B. S. FRISHIE, our Monticello correspondent, accompanied his daughter, Mrs. D. B. Edmonston, on her return to Stanford yesterday.

MR. G. A. SWINBORG returned to his home in Tennessee Wednesday, after a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. P. Bright, and others. Mr. J. W. Bright accompanied him.

MR. S. H. SHANKS, with his daughter Ella, and Annie Shanks left Wednesday for Platte county, Mo., to visit his sisters, Mrs. A. L. Perrin and Mrs. David Logan. Miss Jessie Perrin, who has been visiting relatives here for some time, returned with him, much to the regret of those who have formed her acquaintance.

LOCAL MATTERS.

TRY D. Kline's 75 cent Newport Ties, and \$1. Toe Slippers.

FRESH lot of Honeysuckle Hams for sale by W. T. Green.

THE Buffalo Mills is now prepared to do all kinds of custom grinding in good order.

THE Livingston Coal Company's coal can't be beat. Call on T. T. Davies for it.

MR. H. C. RUPLEY insists that you come and settle your account with him; he needs the money.

MR. BARNES' letters occupy a good portion of this issue, the mails having buncheted them, but they will be found mighty good reading.

FARMERS desiring to lay in their winter supply of coal would do well to see the proprietors of Lincoln Mills. It will be money in their pockets.

A DESTRUCTIVE tornado in Kansas, accompanied by hail, was the cause of the cold snap here. The thermometer went away down, and there were some apprehensions of frost.

THE first marriage license issued for a month, was obtained Wednesday by Mr. W. D. Anderson, who yesterday led to the altar, Miss Eliza Ellen Patton, at the residence of Mr. Thos. Chappell.

A company with several members of the editorial fraternity, we enjoyed a splendid dinner at the delightful home of Editor Marrs, yesterday. He and his good lady are graduates in the art of entertaining.

THE second number of Francis & Miller's Kentucky Real Estate Journal is out, and besides descriptions of the 107 farms that it advertises, contains some interesting reading matter. These gentlemen are doing much to induce immigration to this section, and we are glad to see that they are liberally patronized by our people.

HO to ROCKCASTLE SPRINGS—Mine Host Campbell writes that the above delightful resort is now open and best reached by Somerset. A superb line of hacks runs tri-weekly—leaving Hotel at Somerset, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, arriving at Springs at noon. The road is in very good condition. This arrangement will continue until the road is completed to London.

THE political situation in this county seems to be about this: The republicans do not think it advisable to put out a ticket of their own, but have resolved to support any independent ticket that may come out, and we learn that strenuous efforts are being made by a few persons at least to get up such a ticket. They want Col. J. W. Weatherford to make the race for Judge, in which event Mr. W. H. Miller will run for attorney, and a full ticket, with the exception probably of Sheriff, will be put out. It is said, however, that Col. Weatherford, who is without doubt the best man that could be named, has positively refused to become a candidate, and the whole thing may peter out entirely. We do not think any ticket could beat our nominees, but it would be well for our candidates to besmirch themselves and not be caught napping by a ticket sprung on the eve of election.

FRUIT JARS of all kinds at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

USE the Livingston Coal Company's coal It is the best.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BRICK for sale. Apply to Henry Baughman, Stanford.

HARRIS & DAWSON will keep on hand at all times, Manufactured and Lake Ice for sale.

LAUREL county double screened nut coal 10 cents per bushel delivered. T. T. Daviss.

A NEW postoffice has been established at Avoy, in this county. Can any body tell us where it is?

A challenge from a picked nine from Danville, a game of base ball was played here yesterday afternoon in which "our boys" came out second best, the score standing 18 to 7. The Danville nine were Mess. Dunlap, Guest, Tunis, Whitley, Fry, Stanwood, Davis, King and Worthington, and the Stanford nine Mess. Hayden, Penny, Craig, Dunn, McRoberts, Hill, Portman, Bright and Robt. McAlister; Walter Owsley, Umpire; Fibbie, Scorer.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. J. M. Bruce will preach at Millidgeville next Sunday at 4 o'clock.

Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., will preach at Hustonville to-night (Friday).

Rev. J. S. Sims has gone to Somerset to attend the District Conference, but will return in time to preach here Sunday.

The Barnes converts propose giving a fete chautper at an early day as a means of getting together and talking over "old time."—Yeoman. Better all hands be baptized and join some good church.

The average clergyman must learn the lesson of the editor—to condense, to boil down, if he would attract folks to church. It is just now an especial question of weather—it is always a question of common sense and practical service.—[Exchange.]

The 4th Quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church South will be held at McKinney July 9th and 10th, Dr. Hinck, P. E., will be present. A full attendance of the official brethren desired. Preaching on Saturday evening, the 8th, E. E. Bonta.

Rev. J. W. Canfield, who was recently immersed by the Baptists at Bardstown, will, we learn, by the Presbytery of Louisville, been "restrained from the exercise of all ministerial functions by reason of unsoundness of mind," which decision was confirmed by the Synod of Kentucky and by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in session at Louisville in May, 1879.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

A Harlan county man sold a "early" walnut log for \$800.

The Bubon Mills, Paris, has bought 10,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.

Geo. W. Alford bought of W. T. Baughman a 2-year-old mule for \$140.

R. H. Bronaug, Crab Orchard, has 60 No. 1 breeding ewes for sale 1st August.

Geo. W. Alford bought of several parties 100 lambs at 4½ cents, and 25 sheep at 3 cents.

"Phil" rad ½ of a mile, at Monmouth Park Tuesday, in 1:28½, beating the best previous record.

John M. Hail sold to Green B. Woodcock, 22 3-year old cattle at \$25, and 120 lambs, averaging 79 lbs. at 5 cents.

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The candidates for county offices have an extensive list of appointments for speaking that will last until the first of August. They spoke in the Shake Rag District last Saturday. There was a good crowd in attendance, but all of them were candidates except 14. The speaking is said to have been eloquent and pointed.

The dancing picnic will take place on Casey's Creek on the 19th of July instead of the 4th this year. A No. 1 string band from Lebanon will make music for the occasion, and from the preparations that are being made, we believe that this one will be a greater success, if possible, than the one held at the same place on the 4th of last July. There will be lots of good things to eat and ice water on the ground, and the prettiest girls in the State to dance with. The boys will all be there.

—Misses Nidle Belden and Alice Cabell, of Lebanon, are visiting friends here at present. Misses Lame and Sara Coffey, who had fever last week, are well. Willie Cabell is much better, and is expected to be out in a few days. Judge Winsom Bowman says that he and his opponent, Mr. A. R. Clarke, are the finest speakers in Kentucky, and he not only invites the people of Casey, but the people of the adjoining counties to attend their speakings. Our handsome druggist, J. F. McBeath, Geo. A. Prewitt, Geo. E. Stone and D. G. Portman accompanied Judge J. B. Stone and party to Cincinnati last Monday.

son was formerly pastor of the Christian Church of this place.

Henry Wilson, of Stanford, and his grandmother, Mrs. Boyd, are with their relatives here.

Prof. Jo. B. Skinner of Lexington, formerly of Lincoln county, is visiting Mrs. McClure, in the Paint Lick neighborhood.

Elder J. W. Lowber was quietly married to Miss Maggie Dehans, of Cornishville, Mercer county, Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock Wednesday. The funeral was presided over by Elders Walden and Gibson, at the Christian Church Thursday, at three o'clock, after which he was buried in the cemetery.

CASEY COUNTY.
Middlebury.

A Mr. Wilkes has opened a picture gallery in town.

Thanks to Prof. Waters for a complimentary ticket to his exhibition.

A good shower of rain would revive vegetation greatly, and bring smiles to the faces of our farmers again.

—Jesse Coffey bought a large bull of J. G. Russell for \$35. J. K. Coffey sold his hams Monday at 3½ to 4 cents per lb.

Our county candidates have the canvass last Saturday at some point below here. They will speak here on the 28th, and at Grove City on the 29th.

—Miss Bettie Coffey, after an absence of eight months in Kansas, returned last Friday. Miss Roth Wright of Hustonville, is visiting relatives here. W. F. Fogle returned from Kansas last week.

—Rev. H. L. Burke requests us to announce that he will preach at the Baptist Church here the 5th Sunday in this month for the benefit of the three Sunday-schools here. Rev. Mr. Middlebury will perhaps be with him. The two Sabbath-schools lately organized at New Era, Lincoln Co., and at the school-house near South Fork trestle, are, if we judge rightly, model Sunday-schools. The writer had the pleasure last Sunday of visiting both of them, and was surprised to see so many in attendance, and so much interest manifested.

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A RAMBLER'S NOTES.

[Extracts from Communication of Rev. J. S. Post, in Zanesville, (O.) District Visitor of June 17, 1882.]

We sit by a fire this second Sabbath of May, in the Southern part of Kentucky. Around us are many travelers whose varied interests have drawn them to Pulaski county, Ky.

Quite a number of Northern men are settled around Somerset. They are welcomed by the people, and in no sense are they excluded because they are from the North. They find their places according to their social worth. All are permitted to vote and think as they please. No people could be freer and more liberal in politics than here. They fully expect to find the majority of Northern men of the kind they encourage to settle among them, Republican in sentiment. But if the man who seeks a home among them, shows signs of being educated and refined, the different neighborhoods vie with each other in securing the man to settle among them. Republicans of Northern States who contemplate settling in any of the Southern States, must expect to see things the reverse in politics of what it is in the North. It is the boast of the Republican party of the North, that the majority of the best element of society is Republican. In the South, the majority of all the best elements are Democratic. But the same promise of better days are found in the South that are seen so prominently in the North.

In the North, the Republican masses are restless, and can no longer be held to party fealty, whether or no. In the South the same class of citizens who are Democratic, are restless, and are refusing to vote for party nominees, who are characterized One hears nothing but denunciation of Gov. Blackburn in good society. Some of the best county papers, and scores of the best democrats are heard declaring they won't vote for Capt. Henry for the Appellate Clerkship. There is an exceedingly strong demand made for pure men, and it must be gratified or democracy will suffer some terrible defeats through the defection of its trusty friends.

I neither saw nor heard of any attempt to ride over the colored man. If any difference, they treat them more affably than we do. A Northern man is struck with the spirit of patience and kindness, with which the Southern man passes over the many deficiencies of his hired servant. He makes calculation for a great deal of deficiency on the part of his servant. No Northern man who hires help will permit as many unreasonable mistakes, or stand the dilatoriness from him, that these white men do from the colored. The wages given are very low. Twelve dollars per month and a cabin to live in with a small garden for vegetables. They are given many things from the "bosses" house during the year. The utmost good feeling prevails between the two races. There is a growing sentiment in favor of giving the colored children an equal share of the school money. It is based on the feeling that they must be educated in order to make the most of them for the future. They argue "if we educate them, they will not be led into unreasonable opposition to us by designing demagogues."

Lincoln county Ky., presents many interesting features to a lover of nature. Everything is wonderfully diversified. If one has the eye of a practical farmer, and nothing else, to hit it presents as beautiful rolling plateaus as can be seen in the world. It will lack the numerous beautiful and thoroughly painted houses as are found in like positions in Ohio. The trouble such an one will feel will be that the rich plateau will so soon change to a different appearance of ruggedness, and a different geological formation. There are varieties of soil, in what is called the "blue-grass soils." It passes under the name of "Silurian" in geology. It is the oldest formation known in which fossils are found. As far as my observation goes, the prevailing rocks of this formation are conglomerates and limestone. The Devonian or Red Sandstone are the next higher formation above the Silurian. It is this formation that greets the eye of a practical farmer unpleasantly. Limestone is to be found in the lower formation of the Devonian. Stata.

That which greets us in Kentucky, a rough and broken land, are not always poor by any means. The finest of timbers are generally found on this formation in this part of Kentucky. To one who has eyes to both the practical and the beautiful, this change is gladly welcomed. It makes as lovely a variety as the eye desires to behold. Pulaski county is made up almost altogether of the next higher geological formation called subcarboniferous. This county presents the lower formation of this strata. Its principle stone is "Mountain Limestone." It is in such limestone that caves are formed. The celebrated "Mammoth Cave" of Kentucky is formed of this. "Carter's Caves" in Kentucky, back of Ironton, Ohio, are formed in this mountain limestone.

These lands are quite rolling, but the slopes are seldom abrupt but grade away slowly to the water courses. This makes all the country susceptible of use by the farmer. It is one of the most promising fruit and stock countries I know of. The soil is fertile and very deep. Corn stalks which grew last year in the drought are numerous in the fields, one and a half inches in diameter.

Better tasting and healthier drinking water cannot be found in the world than throughout this whole region. It is neither hard with limestone, nor is it what the people call soft water. It is notably free from the taste of all mineral substances. This is a land of springs that never fail in the dryest of weather. There are no marshes and swamps. The natural drainage is easy and without breaks and checks. The soils do not wash away, and the creeks nearly all have a hard limestone bottom over which the water ripples.

Ethelbert McGuire.
"I do not believe you."

Ethelbert McGuire winced as Myrtle Hathaway spoke these words—cruel, bitter words that seemed to sear his very soul as he stood there in the gloaming, the time of silence and shadows. The swallows were twittering among the leaves in their noisy way, the ice cream lairs were casting their baleful light across the broad thoroughfare, from which the rattle, the roar and crash of life in a great city had just departed.

"You can't mean it, Myrtle," the young man says, his voice choked with emotion. "You surely can not doubt my word—the word of the one to whom you have plighted your troth, and in whose life your future is bound up."

"But I do mean it," replies the girl, "although God knows my life would be brighter, better, happier, were it not so. I have loved you with a strong, country butter love that has become a part of my very existence. And it is when I have taught my heart to beat responsive to your every word, when I have come to believe in you with all the passionate truthfulness of a woman's nature, that you come to me, and here, on this beautiful June evening, when the heavens are panoplied with stars, and the air is balmy with the perfume of roses, you say to me that you have never bet on a horse—tell me this solemnly and earnestly, knowing that my heart will not let me judge harshly any action of yours. No, Ethelbert, I love you with a maddening, ninety-days-or-10-per-cent-for-cash trust that is beyond compare, but I can not allow you to abuse that trust. I am but a girl—sensitive, passionate, one-busy-and-a-four-dollar-bang girl, but I am not a chump"—and, sticking her chewing gum on the door-post, Myrtle turned to enter the parlor.

"But I swear it," exclaimed Ethelbert. "I swear to you that I would not bet \$4 against \$10 that Maud S. could beat three minutes."

"You would not?" asked the girl.

"No," was Ethelbert's reply; "I would not bet on any thing."

"Then," said the girl, speaking slowly and with grave tenderness,

"you had better head for the gate. I can never place my happiness and chances for spring bonnets in the hands of a man who would let so sure a thing as that get away."

—[Chicago Tribune.]

Rapid Book-Making.

Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with their course of agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of usefulness and honor. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears that beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say over much. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of obligation he is under to the mother who guarded his steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity so narrowly branched against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do the most to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, yet he will part with her at the tomb with the debt to her half discharged.—[Logansport Chronicle.]

A Mother's Love.

A Virginia newspaper prints the following extract from a speech by an ex-Confederate officer, and severely denounces it as idiotic sentiment and maudlin and wishy-washy trash:

"During our late war, when General Lee was falling back from Gettysburg to the line of the Rappahannock, General Stuart's cavalry on his left flank, were fighting every day in Loudon and Fauquier. One summer evening we halted upon gentle hill, and soon the Federal cavalry came in view along the slope to the North, and one of the famous batteries, which on the battle-fields of Mexico had given unshakable luster to our arms, galloped to the front, and above them floated in the soft summer air a handsome American flag. I could not suppress the feeling inspired by the sight.

"Flag of my country, beautiful flag!" "Oh! that the day might come again when I could salute it with an active bill poster and advance man."

The ACORN GROWING.—If an acorn suspended by piece of thread with half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak-tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak-trees, and also a chestnut tree, thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

"Promise me, Ethelbert," said she, as she fastened a rose in his button-hole, "that you will wear this rose until it withers and dies."

"I will indeed," was the cheerful reply. "I will wear this rose if I don't wear anything else." Somehow they both blushed and went their respective ways.—[New Haven Register.]

Ethelbert McGuire.
Curiosities of Nature.
A cockatoo out at Minneapolis recently swallowed a pair of cuff-buttons and became broken-hearted, and remained so for such a length of time that it was feared it would die. The other day it got out of its cage, went up stairs to its owner's bedroom, took hold of a bureau drawer with its beak, and by great flapping managed to get the drawer open. Then it got out a pair of reversible cuffs and devoured them, after which it became so happy that it couldn't contain itself. Two weeks later it died, and having been a favorite for years, the family took it to the taxidermist's to be stuffed. On opening it, it was found to contain the cuffs intact, with the sleeve-buttons in the button-holes. While a Baptist Sunday-school was in session out in Michigan, several weeks ago, a snake crawled up through a knot-hole in the floor, stole a bunch deck of the Superintendent's coat-tail pockets, and went back. It was the third time that the snake performed this trick, and some persons, out of curiosity, secreted themselves in the cellar to see what the snake would do. After coming down through the floor it took the last pack and shuffled it up with the others; then up-ended a barrel, and commenced playing solitaire. On being killed and opened, it was found to contain a full set of faro tools, and a copy each of Hoyle's and Schenck's Rules for Poker. It was afterward sewed up, and is now used as a garden hose.—[R. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.]

Turner Tramps on a Wager.

Two well-known young men of this city, of a roving disposition, and who have frequently traveled many miles away from home without any money, are to leave Readings in a day or two on a trip to Milwaukee, Wis. They are to travel without any money except \$1 each, and the one who reaches Milwaukee first is to receive a purse of \$100 and a free ticket to come back. Arrangements have been made for both to appear before a Magistrate out there and make affidavit as to the exact time of arrival, which will be telegraphed to their backers in Reading. Several quite prominent citizens are said to be interested in the matter. The young men who are to "beat" their way out are George Strauss and William Rehr. They will be allowed to travel on the same train to Harrisburg, where they will be required to take different trains for the West. A person will be at Harrisburg to see that they do not board the same train.—[Reading (Penn.) Eagle.]

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